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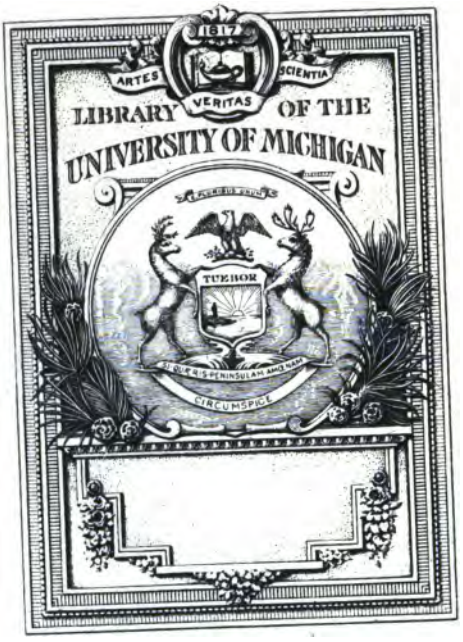
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The White Doe of Rylstone

WITH THE

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle

etc.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

1891

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INTRODUCTION.

The White Doe of Rylstone was written by Wordsworth in the intermediate period of his poetic life, between the earlier creative era—1795 to 1806—and the later half-autumnal season which followed. He tells us himself that 'the earlier half' of the poem was composed at Stockton upon Tees, at the close of the year 1807. When he returned to Dove Cottage, Grasmere, in April 1808, he 'continued' it, but made comparatively little progress. During the summer of 1807 he had visited Bolton Priory, and its district—that of Craven in Yorkshire; and as he wandered over the fells of Rylstone, or up the valley of Wharfdale, and read Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven*, his imagination had been touched by the story of the White Doe.

For a time this legend, connected with 'The Rising of the North,' magnetised him, and it absorbed his whole poetic energy. On his return to Grasmere, he was engrossed with his change of residence to Allan Bank; and, when settled there, his thoughts were given mainly to *The Excursion*, and *The Prelude* (or other portions of 'The Recluse'). His sister Dorothy wrote to Lady Beaumont that he was com-

posing 'The Recluse' at the rate of fifty lines a day; and that, after this task was finished, he hoped to complete *The White Doe*. It is probable, however, that the poem was nearly finished in 1807; because, in that year, he wrote *The Force of Prayer*, which he called 'an appendage to *The White Doe*.' It is somewhat strange that he postponed its publication till the year 1815.

In that year it appeared in quarto form, with an illustration by his friend, Sir George Beaumont of Coleorton. In subsequent editions of Wordsworth's collected works (1820, 1827, and 1832) the text was scarcely altered; but, in the edition of 1836, it was revised throughout, and the changes introduced were numerous. These alterations are all indicated in footnotes to the present edition of the poem, except in cases where they were so slight as not to justify their being mentioned, e.g. a change in the tense of a verb, or in the number of a substantive. The text which has been followed is that which the poet himself adopted finally; but the earlier readings are given in footnotes, with the years in which they were made use of,—the edition in which the text appeared as it now stands being indicated by the date first given in each note.

From a remark he made to the Hon. Justice Coleridge in 1836, it is evident that Wordsworth was quite aware of the fact that there were many feeble passages in the earlier editions. 'He (Wordsworth) said he considered *The White Doe* as, in conception, the highest work he had ever produced. The mere physical action was all unsuccessful: but the true action of the poem was spiritual—the subduing of the will, and all inferior fancies, to the perfect purifying and spiritualizing of the intellectual nature; while

the Doe, by connection with Emily, is raised as it were from its mere animal nature into something mysterious and saint-like. He said he should devote much labour to perfecting the execution of it in the mere business parts, in which, from anxiety "to get on" with the more important parts, he was sensible that imperfections had crept in, which gave the style a feebleness of character.'

Soon after the poem was finished Wordsworth showed it to Southey; and Southey, writing to Walter Scott, in February 1808, said,—

'Wordsworth has just completed a most masterly poem upon the fate of the Nortons; two or three lines in the old ballad of the Rising in the North gave him the hint. The story affected me more deeply than I wish to be affected; younger readers, however, will not object to the depth of the distress, and nothing was ever more ably treated. He is looking, too, for a narrative subject, pitched in a lower key.'

One of the most interesting letters of S. T. Coleridge to Wordsworth is an undated one, sent from London in the spring of 1808, containing a characteristic criticism of *The White Doe.* The Wordsworth family had asked Coleridge to discuss the subject of the publication of the poem with the Longmans' firm. It is more than probable that it was Coleridge's criticism of the structural defects in the poem, that led Wordsworth to postpone its publication. The following is part of the letter:—

'... In my reperusals of the poem, it seemed always to strike on my feeling as well as judgment, that if there were any serious defect, it consisted in a disproportion of the Accidents to the spiritual Incidents; and, closely connected

with this,—if it be not indeed the same,—that Emily is indeed talked of, and once appears, but neither speaks nor acts, in all the first three-fourths of the poem. Then, as the outward interest of the poem is in favour of the old man's religious feelings, and the filial heroism of his band of sons, it seemed to require something in order to place the two protestant malcontents of the family in a light that made them beautiful as well as virtuous. In short, to express it far more strongly than I mean or think, in order (in the present anguish of my spirits) to be able to express it at all, that three-fourths of the work is everything rather *than* Emily; and then, the last—almost a separate and doubtless an exquisite poem—wholly *of* Emily. The whole of the rest, and the delivering up of the family by Francis, I never ceased to find, not only comparatively heavy, but to me quite obscure as to Francis's motives. On the few, to whom, within my acquaintance, the poem has been read, either by yourself or me (I have, I believe, read it only at the Beaumonts'), it produced the same effect.

'Now I have conceived two little incidents, the introduction of which, joined to a little abridgment, and lyrical precipitation of the last half of the third, I had thought would have removed this defect, so seeming to me, and bring to a finer balance the *business* with the *action* of the tale. But after my receipt of your letter, concerning Lamb's censures, I felt my courage fail, and that what I deemed a harmonizing would disgust you as a *materialization* of the plan, and appear to you like insensibility to the power of the history in the mind. Not that I should have shrunk back from the mere fear of giving transient pain, and a temporary offence, from the want of sympathy of feeling and coinci-

dence of opinions. I rather envy than blame that deep interest in a production, which is inevitable perhaps, and certainly not dishonourable to such as feel poetry their calling and their duty, and which no man would find much fault with if the object, instead of a poem, were a large estate or a title. It appears to me to become a foible only when the poet denies, or is unconscious of its existence, but I did not deem myself in such a state of mind as to entitle me to rely on my own opinion when opposed to yours, from the heat and bustle of these disgusting lectures.

. . . . . .

'From most of these causes I was suffering, so as not to allow me any rational confidence in my opinions when contrary to yours, which had been formed in calmness and on long reflection. Then I received your sister's letter, stating the wish that I would give up the thought of proposing the means of correction, and merely point out the things to be corrected, which—as they could be of no great consequence—you might do in a day or two, and the publication of the poem—for the immediacy of which she expressed great anxiety—be no longer retarded. The merely verbal *alteranda* did appear to me very few and trifling. From your letter on L——, I concluded that you would not have the incidents and action interfered with, and therefore I sent it off; but soon retracted it, in order to note down the single words and phrases that I disliked in the books, after the two first, as there would be time to receive your opinion of them during the printing of the two first, in which I saw nothing amiss, except the one passage we altered together, and the two lines which I scratched out.

because you yourself were doubtful. Mrs. Shepherd told me that she had felt them exactly as I did—namely, as interrupting the spirit of the continuous tranquil motion of *The White Doe.*'

It will be seen from this letter that Wordsworth had gone over the poem with Coleridge, and that they had altered some passages 'together;' that Coleridge had read a copy of it sent to the Beaumonts, doubtless at Dunmow in Essex; that he had thought of a plan by which the poem could be immensely improved, both by addition and subtraction; but that hearing from Wordsworth, or more probably from his sister Dorothy, that Charles Lamb had also criticised its structure, he gave up his intention of sending to his friend suggestions, which evidently implied a radical alteration of 'the incidents and action' of the tale. It would have been extremely interesting to know how the author of *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner* proposed to recast *The White Doe of Rylstone.* It is, alas! impossible for posterity to know this, although it is not difficult to conjecture the line which the alterations would take. Wordsworth's genius was not great in construction, as in imagination; and he valued a story only as giving him a 'point of departure' for a flight of fancy or of idealization. Early in 1808 he wrote to Walter Scott asking him for facts about the Norton family. Scott supplied him with them, and the following was Wordsworth's reply.

GRASMERE,
May 14, 1808.

MY DEAR SCOTT,

'Thank you for the interesting particulars about the Nortons. I like them much for their own sakes; but so far

from being serviceable to my poem, they would stand in the way of it, as I have followed (as I was in duty bound to do) the traditionary and common historic account. Therefore I shall say, in this case, a plague upon your industrious antiquarians, that have put my fine story to confusion.'

In January 1816 Wordsworth wrote to his friend Archdeacon Wrangham—

'Of *The White Doe* I have little to say, but that I hope it will be acceptable to the intelligent, for whom alone it is written. It starts from a high point of imagination, and comes round to a still higher—nothing less than the apotheosis of the animal, which gives the first of the two titles to the poem. And as this poem thus begins and ends with pure imagination, every motion that relinks the persons introduced is from the same source: a kindred spirit pervades and is intended to harmonize the whole. Throughout objects (the banner for instance) derive their influence, not from properties inherent in them, not from what they naturally *are* in themselves, but from such as are *bestowed* upon them by the minds of those who are conversant with, or affected by, these objects. Thus the poetry, if there be any in the work, proceeds, as it ought to do, from the *soul of man*, communicating its creative energies to the images of this external world.'

Two criticisms of *The White Doe* may be specially referred to: the first by Henry Crabb Robinson (see his *Diary, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 484); the other by the late Principal Shairp, in his *Aspects of Poetry* (ch. xii. pp. 345–376).

The *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, and *The Force of Prayer*, are added to the chief poem in this edition. The latter Wordsworth described as 'an appendage to *The White Doe*.' The former is also indissolubly associated with it.

W. K.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

DURING the Summer of 1807, I visited, for the first time, the beautiful scenery that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of the White Doe, founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

The following is the note on *The White Doe of Rylstone*, dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Isabella Fenwick in 1843:—

'The earliest half of this poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mrs. Wordsworth and I were on a visit to her eldest brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks, in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud as freely as they would come.

. . . . . .

'Let me here say a few words of this poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times, has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural

course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I have attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in *The White Doe* fails, as far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The heroine of the poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

> To abide
> The shock, and finally secure
> O'er pain and grief a triumph pure.

'This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, has been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanising influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not, therefore, the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory, because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake.'

In the first (quarto) edition of 1815, Wordsworth inserted the following note explanatory of his poem of *The White Doe*:—

'The Poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone" is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows: "About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was

constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's *History of the Deanery of Craven.* Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate insurrection, which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstance of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad which I have thought it proper to annex.'

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569, which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

'There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the Crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at Court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature[1], was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the Queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize his person. The Earl was then in his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When, rising hastily out of bed, he

[1] Camden expressly says that he was violently attached to the Catholic Religion.

withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take up arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient Religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esquire, who, with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there; they then marched on to Clifford-moor, near Whetherby, where they mustered their men. . . . The two Earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8,000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all, for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London. as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Whetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion.

'Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin.'

DEDICATION.

In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth[1],
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell
We by a lamentable change were taught
That 'bliss with mortal Man may not abide:'
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

[1] 1836. The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth.—1815.

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this song of mine once more could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Beloved wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

'Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.'

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

CANTO I.

'They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or *Melior Natura*. Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature without the confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain.'—LORD BACON.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright[1]; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf[2],
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.

[1] 1836. The sun is bright;—1815.
[2] 1820. Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,—1815.

And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;[1]
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak.
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!

[1] 1836. A rural Chapel, neatly dressed,
In covert like a little nest;—1815.

They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sun-rise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime[1]—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground[2]—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

[1] 1836. And faith and hope are in their prime.—1815.

[2] In editions 1815 to 1832, the following two lines occur after 'ground'—
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God;

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven[1].

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;

[1] 1836. A gift of grace from purest heaven.—1815.

Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness[1].
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament[2]?

[1] 1836. And reappearing, she no less
To the open day gives blessedness.—1815.

[2] 1836. And busy with a hand of healing,—
The altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament,—

—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight[1]
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave[2]
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound[3]:

The dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
And sapling ash, whose place of birth
Is that lordly chamber's hearth?—1815.

[1] 1836. Methinks she passeth by the sight,—1815.
[2] 1845. Gently as a weary wave—1815.
[3] 1836. Like the river in its flowing;
Can there be a softer sound?—1815.

So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise[1];
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.
But some—a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung—
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
The white Doe, to her service true[2],
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

'Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?

[1] 1836. When now again the people rear
A voice of praise, with awful chear.—1815.

1836. Turn with obeisance gladly paid
Towards the spot, where, full in view,
The lovely Doe, of whitest hue,—1815.

She means no harm;'—but still the Boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
'Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair[1].'

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insecure delight,
Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
Is such perplexity confined:
For, spite of sober Truth that sees
A world of fixed remembrances

[1] In editions 1815-1832, after 'fair' there followed—
This whisper soft repeats what he
Had known from early infancy.

Which to this mystery belong,
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong,
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed[1]
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
And to his grave will go with scars,
Relics of long and distant wars[2]—
That Old Man, studious to expound
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity;
When Lady Aäliza mourned
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremound.
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place—
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory!
The Lady's work;—but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:

[1] 1836. Who in his youth had often fed—1815.
[2] 1836. And lately hath brought home the scars
Gathered in long and distant wars.—1815.

Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;
And, through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a griesly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!
Look down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Prying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent:
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
Who counts among her ancestry[1]
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale,

[1] 1836. Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she
Numbers among her ancestry—1815.

He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary:
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness[1].
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;

[1] 1836. Of Barden's humble quietness.—1815.

Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire[1];
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that grassy heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild[2];

[1] 1836. . . . . through strong desire
Searching the earth with chemic fire.—1815.

[2] 1836. By busy dreams, and fancies wild,—1815.

To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace:
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings[1],
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

CANTO II.

The Harp in lowliness obeyed;
And first we sang of the green-wood shade
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The Friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light;
Her last companion in a dearth
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought[2]
Meekly, with foreboding thought,
In vermeil colours and in gold
An unblest work; which, standing by,

[1] 1841. Thou hast breeze-like visitings;
For a Spirit with angel wings
Hath touched thee,—1815.
A Spirit, with angelic wings
In soft and breeze-like visitings
Has touched thee,—1836.

[2] 1827. For She it was—'twas She who wrought,—1815.

Her Father did with joy behold,—
Exulting in its imagery[1];
A Banner, fashioned to fulfil[2]
Too perfectly his headstrong will:
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such her Sire's command)[3]
The sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread;
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword[4]!
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest

[1] 1836. Exulting in the imagery;—1815.
[2] 1836. A Banner, one that did fulfil,—1815.
[3] 1836. . . . (such was the command)—1815.
[4] 1845. To be by force of arms renewed;
Glad prospect for the multitude.—1815.
To be triumphantly restored,
By the dread justice of the sword.—1820.

Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came; and Francis Norton said,
'O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!
Bethink you of your own good name:
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn;
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blameless ease[1];
For these my brethren's sake, for me;
And, most of all, for Emily!'

Tumultuous noises filled the hall[2];
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—pronounced with a dying fall[3]—
The name of his only Daughter dear,
As on[4] the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,

[1] 1827. And live at home in blissful ease,—1815.
[2] 1836. Loud noise was in the crowded hall;—1815.
[3] 1836. That name—which had a dying fall.—1815.
[4] 1836. And on . . . . . .—1815.

And his moist eyes were glorified [1];
Then did he seize the staff, and say [2]:
'Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
Keep thou this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same:
Thy place be on my better hand;—
And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and me.'
He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band!

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
And din [3] of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
A voice to which the hills replied [4]!

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
A phantasm like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he waked, his languid eye [5]
Was on the calm and silent sky;

[1] 1820. And his wet eyes were glorified,—1815.
[2] 1836. Then seized the staff, and thus did say:—1815.
[3] 1836. Forth when Sire and Sons appeared
A gratulating shout was reared,
With din . . . . . .—1815.
[4] 1836. A shout to which the hills replied.—1815.
[5] 1836. And when he waked at length, his eye—1815.

With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed:
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily[1]?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling[2]:
'Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day.'
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
'Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may.'

[1] Added in editions 1815 to 1832—
Oh! hide them from each other, hide,
Kind Heaven, this pair severely tried!

[2] Added in editions 1815 to 1832—
How could he choose but shrink or sigh?
He shrunk, and muttered inwardly,

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found[1].

'Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy; and a force
Still stronger, bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers have been loved[2]
With heart by simple nature moved[3];
And now their faithfulness is proved:
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright twins were side by side;
And there by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He[4], whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!

[1] 1836. He paused, her silence to partake,
And long it was before he spake:
Then, all at once, his thoughts turned round.
And fervent words a passage found.—1815.

[2] 1836. Untried our Brothers were beloved—1815.

[3] This line not in editions 1815 to 1832.

[4] 1827. Was He, ...—1815.

I, by the right[1] of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn[2],
And meet their pity face to face;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed;
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

'Then be we, each and all, forgiven!
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Man's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart!
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forswear;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe:

[1] 1827. I, in the right . . . .—1815.
[2] 1827. Presumed to stand against their scorn,—1815.

On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty hand.'
Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance;
Spurned it, like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

'For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well:
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon:
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave

To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The hawk forget his perch; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away—
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!' which words saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair creature, and more white than snow!
'Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree[1];
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith;
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
Not seldom foremost in the way;
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read;

[1] 1836. —But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf which by heaven's decree
Must hang upon a blasted tree;—1815.

If, when at home our private weal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance and self-sacrifice;
If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared;
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all truth—
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!'

He ended,—or she heard no more;
He led her from the yew-tree shade,
And at the mansion's silent door,
He kissed the consecrated Maid;
And down the valley then pursued[1],
Alone, the armèd Multitude.

CANTO III.

Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,
Telling melancholy hours[2]!

[1] 1836. . . . . he pursued,—1815.

[2] 1836. Now joy for you and sudden cheer,
Ye watchmen upon Brancepeth Towers;
Looking forth in doubt and fear,
Telling melancholy hours!—1815.

Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
That Norton with his band is near!
The watchmen from their station high
Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry,
Well-pleased, the armèd Company[1]
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
Gone forth to greet him on the plain[2]—
'This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
I bring with me a goodly train;
Their hearts are with you: hill and dale
Have helped us: Ure we crossed, and Swale,
And horse and harness followed—see
The best part of their Yeomanry!
—Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,
Whom to this service I commend;
Which way soe'er our fate incline,
These will be faithful to the end;
They are my all'—voice failed him here—
'My all save one, a Daughter dear!
Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth[3],
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe. With festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land.'

[1] 1836. Forthwith the armed Company—1815.
[2] 1836. Gone forth to hail him on the plain—1815.
[3] 1836. . . . . the mildest birth,—1815.

He spake bare truth; for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms;
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
'Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right!'

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said; 'The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England's Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope;
Even for our Altars—for the prize
In Heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.

Behold!'—and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—'Behold,' said he,
'The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be;
The wounds of hands and feet and side,
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died
—This bring I from an ancient hearth,
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued.'
'Uplift the standard!' was the cry
From all the listeners that stood round,
'Plant it,—by this we live or die.'
The Norton ceased not for that sound,
But said; 'The prayer which ye have heard,
Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly.'
'Uplift it!' cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
'Uplift it!' said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry[1],
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the river of Were,

[1] In editions 1815 to 1832 is added after 'emblazonry'—
With tumult and indignant rout,

And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
His Followers gathering in from Tees,
From Were, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forkèd hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
Of Neville, at their Master's call
Had sate together in Raby Hall!
Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
And greet the old paternal shield,
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
Horsemen and Foot of each degree[1],
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appeared, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under joint command,
To Durham first their course they bear;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the Bible beneath their feet.

1 1827. Came Foot and Horse-men of each degree,—1815.

Thence marching southward smooth and free
'They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see,'
The Choicest Warriors of the North!
But none for beauty and for worth[1]
Like those eight Sons who, in a ring
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)[2]
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor[3],
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their father round;
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where'er they march: no steed will he[4]
Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
He stands upon the grassy sod[5],
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire,
Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age

[1] 1827. But none for undisputed worth—1815.

[2] 1836. Like those eight Sons; who in a ring,
Each with a lance— . . . .—1815.
Like those eight sons—embosoming
Determined thoughts—who, in a ring,
Each with a lance . . . .—1827.

[3] The ed. of 1815, has after 'Clifford-moor' the line—
In youthful beauty flourishing.

[4] 1836. —With feet that firmly pressed the ground
They stood, and girt their Father round
Such was his choice,—no steed will he—1815.

[5] 1845. He stood upon the verdant sod,—1815.
He stood upon the grassy sod—1820.

Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to higher height[1];
Magnific limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerate;
Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread[2],
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field;
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One[3]
With unparticipated gaze;
Who, 'mong these thousands, friend hath none,
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe'er he might,
Hath watched the Banner from afar,
As shepherds watch a lonely star,
Or mariners the distant light
That guides them through a stormy night[4].
And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
He takes alone his far-off stand[5],

[1] 1836. . . . . to higher height;—1815.
[2] 1827. Rich locks . . . . . .—1815.
[3] 1836. Who sees him?—many see, and One—1815.
[4] 1836. That guides them on a . . . .—1815.
[5] 1836. He takes this day his far-off stand,—1815.

With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task[1],
Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind:
And thus, with short oblivion blest,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
The pageant glancing to and fro;
And hope is wakened by the sight,
He thence may learn, ere fall of night[2],
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
But what avails the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!—
Can such a mighty Host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near?
The Earls upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;

[1] 1836. Stretched out upon the ground he lies,—
As if it were his only task
Like Herdsman in the sun to bask,—1815.

[2] 1827. That he thence may learn . . .—1815.

For, with a high and valiant name,
He bore a heart of timid frame[1];
And bold if both had been, yet they
'Against so many may not stay.'
Back therefore will they hie to seize[2]
A strong Hold on the banks of Tees;
There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
A rumour of this purpose ran,
The Standard trusting to the care[3]
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake;—'We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field!—
How oft has strength, the strength of heaven[4],
To few triumphantly been given!
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved?—while to battle moved
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain

[1] 1836. And Neville was oppressed with fear;
For, though he bore a valiant name,
His heart was of a timid frame, —1815.
[2] 1836. And therefore will retreat to seize—1815.
[3] 1836. The Standard giving to the care—1815.
[4] 1836. How often hath the strength of heaven—1815.

That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old;
And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
All confident of victory[1]!—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross?
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower
To God descending in his power[2].
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue;—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:

[1] 1836. The Standard on the sacred wain,
On which the grey-haired Barons stood,
And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood,
Beneath the saintly Ensigns three,
Their confidence and victory!—1815.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Stood confident of victory.—1820.

[2] 1836. When, as the Vision gave command,
The Prior of Durham with holy hand
Saint Cuthbert's Relic did uprear
Upon the point of a lofty spear,
And God descended in his power,
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower.—1815.

Be warned'—His zeal the Chiefs confounded,
But word was given, and the trumpet sounded[1]:
Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised with joyful pride[2],
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified[3];
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery[4]!
—'Even these poor eight of mine would stem—'
Half to himself, and half to them
He spake—'would stem, or quell, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse;
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day
Would breed us thousands brave as they.'
—So speaking, he his reverend head
Raised towards that Imagery once more[5]:
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,

[1] 1836. . . . . uphold.'—
—The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,
But word was given—and the trumpet sounded; —1815.
[2] 1836. This Banner raised so joyfully, —1815.
[3] This line added in 1836.
[4] 1836. To the frail clouds . . . . .—1815.
[5] 1827. —So speaking, he upraised his head
Towards that Imagery once more; —1815.

Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She would not, could not, disobey[1],
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworthier far we are undone—
Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft, alas! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid[2]:
She first, in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child[3]:
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,

[1] 1836. She did in passiveness obey,—1815.

[2] 1836. Her Brother was it who assailed
Her tender spirit and prevailed,
Her other Parent, too, whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid,—1815.

[3] 1836. From reason's earliest dawn beguiled
The docile, unsuspecting Child:—1815.

Before his Father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood[1].

'Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly.
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need:
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?—
If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you[2].

[1] 1836. While thus he brooded, music sweet
Was played to cheer them in retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear:
Thought followed thought—and ere the last
Of that unhappy train was past,
Before him Francis did appear.—1815.

[2] 1836. 'Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,'
Said he, 'in open field your Foes;
Now that from this decisive day
Your multitude must melt away,
An unarmed Man may come unblamed;
To ask a grace, that was not claimed
Long as your hopes were high, he now
May hither bring a fearless brow;
When his discountenance can do
No injury,—may come to you.
Though in your cause no part I bear,
Your indignation I can share;
Am grieved this backward march to see,
How careless and disorderly!

My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!'

'Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
Against all good'—but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to one bright moment's hope[1]?
Suffice it that the Son, who strove
With fruitless effort to allay
That passion, prudently gave way[2];
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
His best endeavours to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue[3].

I scorn your chieftains, Men who lead,
And yet want courage at their need;
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they farther sacrifice?—1815.

[1] 1836. At length, the issue of this prayer?
Or how, from his depression raised,
The Father on his Son had gazed;—1815.

[2] 1845. Suffice it that the Son gave way,
Now strove that passion to allay,—1815.

[3] 1836. The like endeavours to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.—1815.

CANTO IV.

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees[1]
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle, like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
And southward far, with moor between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths[2];
—The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
The grey-hounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?

[1] 1836. From cloudless ether looking down,
The moon, this tranquil evening, sees —1815.

[2] 1827. The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths, —1815.

A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day;
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen:—and, lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding[1]
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid[2]
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved whate'er by love was brought
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny[3]—
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array—

[1] 1815. The same fair Creature who was nigh.—1827. Editions 1836 returns to the text of 1815.

[2] 1836. The same fair Creature which was nigh
Feeding in tranquillity,
When Francis uttered to the Maid—1815.

[3] The last four lines were added in 1836.

Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid[1];
Like a patch of April snow—
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade
Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe[2]
Now couched at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play;

[1] 1836. But where at this still hour is she,
The consecrated Emily?
Even while I speak, behold the Maid
Emerging from the cedar shade
To open moonshine where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;—1815.

[2] In editions 1815 to 1832, a paragraph ends at 'Doe!'

Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid[1].

Yet Emily is soothed;—the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic Shed[2]
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
Yes, she is soothed: an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that blessèd Saint[3]
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,

[1] 1836. Yet the meek Creature was not free,
Erewhile, from some perplexity:
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily;
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
Some smile or look of love to gain,—
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
Have all been slighted or gainsaid.—1815.

[2] 1836. —O welcome to the viewless breeze!
'Tis fraught with acceptable feeling,
And instantaneous sympathies
Into the Sufferer's bosom stealing;—
Ere she hath reached yon rustic Shed—1815.
Yet is she soothed; the viewless breeze,
Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:
Ere she had reached yon rustic Shed.—1827.

[3] 1836. . . . —'tis that bless'd Saint—1815.

While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence;
'But oh! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love[1],
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say;—
"If hope be a rejected stay,
"Do thou, my christian Son, beware
"Of that most lamentable snare,
"The self-reliance of despair[2]!"'

Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go!
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees;—ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—

[1] 1836. Thou Spirit of maternal love,—1815.

[2] 1836. Descend on Francis:—through the air
Of this sad earth to him repair,
Speak to him with a voice, and say,
'That he must cast despair away!'—1815.

That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait;
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked[1].
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake[2];
'An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the time—a woeful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you? point the way.'

'Rights have you, and may well be bold:
You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe[3]:
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid[4];

[1] 1836. —She knows, she feels it, and is cheered;
At least her present pangs are checked.—1815.

[2] 1836. —And now an ancient Man appeared,
Approaching her with grave respect.
Down the smooth walk which then she trod,
He paced along the silent sod,
And greeting her thus gently spake,—1815.

[3] 1836. In friendship;—go—from him—from me—
Strive to avert this misery.—1815.

[4] 1836. —If prudence offer help or aid,
On *you* is no restriction laid;—1815.

You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine.'

'Hope,' said the old Man, 'must abide
With all of us, whate'er betide[1].
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men:
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!'

'Ah tempt me not!' she faintly sighed;
'I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befals;—be this your task—
This may be done;—'tis all I ask!'

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save[2].
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field;
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—

[1] 1836. 'Hope,' said the Sufferer's zealous Friend,
'Must not forsake us till the end.—1815.

[2] 1836. . . . May have the skill to save:—1815.

'Grant that the Moon which shines this night
May guide them in a prudent flight!'

But quick the turns of chance and change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she [1]
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue!—he had said
'This night yon faithless Towers must yield [2],
Or we for ever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted!'
—'Twas done: his Sons were with him—all:
They belt him round with hearts undaunted
And others follow;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court;—''Tis won'—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close

[1] 1836. Their flight the fair Moon may not see;
For, from mid-heaven, already she—1815.

[2] 1836. This night yon haughty Towers.—1815.

The triumph of a desperate deed[1]
Which struck with terror friends and foes!
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
'A rescue for the Standard!' cried
The Father from within the walls;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls!—
Confusion through the Camp spread wide:
Some fled; and some their fears detained:
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO V.

High on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

[1] 1836. They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
Another close
To that brave deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes!—1815.

The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free[1]
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
Had often heard the sound of glee
When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery:
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun[2],
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there[3]
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall,
Was happiest, proudest, of them all[4]!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe[5]:
For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame;

[1] 1820. . . . . and as seldom free—1815.

[2] 1820. And from the heat of the noon-tide sun,—1815.

[3] 1836. They to the Watch-tower did repair,
Commodious Pleasure-house! and there—1815.

[4] 1836. He was the proudest of them all!—1815.

[5] In the edition of 1815 these lines follow 'the bitterness of woe':—
Dead are they, they were doomed to die;
The Sons and Father all are dead,
All dead save one; and Emily
No more shall seek this Watch-tower high,
To look far north with anxious eye,—
She is relieved from hope and dread,
Though suffering in extremity.

For she her brother's charge revered,
His farewell words; and by the same,
Yea by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood [1]
That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see [2].

To him the Lady turned; 'You said
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?'

'Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;

[1] In editions 1815 to 1832 the following precedes the line beginning 'That grey-haired man':—

She turned to him, who with his eye
Was watching her while on the height
She sate, or wandered restlessly,
O'erburdened by her sorrow's weight;
To him who this dire news had told,
And now beside the Mourner stood;

[2] 1836. Then on this place the Maid had sought:
And told, as gently as could be,
The end of that sad Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.—1815.

Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infamy and shame—
These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud [1],
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried [2],
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety [3];
He rose not in this quarrel, he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide [4],
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!'

[1] The two last lines not in editions 1815 to 1820.

[2] 1827. . . . . the people cried,—1815.

[3] 1836. For sake of natural piety;—1815.

[4] 1836. He rose not in his quarrel, he
His Father and his Brothers wooed,
Both for their own and Country's good,
To rest in peace—he did divide,—1815.

And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress [1],
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold [2].

Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on [3]'—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:

[1] 1820. To scatter gleams through your distress,—1815.

[2] 1836. And privilege of ancient love,
But most, compassion for your fate,
Lady! for your forlorn estate,
Me did these move, and I made bold,
And entrance gained to that strong-hold.—1815.
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, I made bold—
And entrance gained to that strong-hold.—1820.

[3] 1836. And said, 'We need not stop, my Son!
But I will end what is begun;
'Tis matter which I do not fear
To entrust to any living ear.'—1815.

The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed[1]—
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory[2]!

'A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

'"Hear then," said he, "while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain[3],
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;

[1] 1820. Had seen her in her pomp arrayed—1815.
[2] 1836. Glad offering of glad victory!—1815.
[3] 1836. . . . . be not vain,—1815.

To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea, offered up this noble Brood[1],
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed;—
My wish is known, and I have done[2]:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!"

'Then Francis answered—"Trust thy Son,
For, with God's will, it shall be done."

'The pledge obtained, the solemn word[3]
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,

[1] 1836. . . . . this beauteous brood, —1815.
[2] 1836. Then Francis answered fervently,
'If God so will, the same shall be,'—1815.
[3] 1836. Immediately, this solemn word—1815.

And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment[1]:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand;
And all the people that stood round[2]
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath,
Together died, a happy death!—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide[3]
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away[4].'

[1] 1836. They met, when they had reached the door,
The Banner which a Soldier bore,
One marshalled thus with base intent
That he in scorn might go before,
And, holding up this monument,
Conduct them to their punishment;—1815.

[2] 1836. . . . . that were round—1815.

[3] 1836. This insult, and the Banner saved,
That moment from among the tide—1815.

[4] 1836. Bore unobserved his Charge away.—1815.

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice[1];
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.
'Yes,—God is rich in mercy,' said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
'Yet, Lady! shines through this black night
One star of aspect heavenly bright[2];
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place.'
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO VI.

Why comes not Francis?—From the doleful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell[3]:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell

[1] 1820. Of power to encourage or rejoice;—1815.

[2] 1836. 'Yet, yet in this affliction,' said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
'Yet, Lady! heaven is good—the night
Shows yet a Star which is most bright;—1815.

[3] 1836. Why comes not Francis?—Joyful cheer
In that parental gratulation,
And glow of righteous indignation,
Went with him from the doleful City:—
He fled—yet in his flight could hear
The death-sound of the Minster-bell;—1815.

To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove[1];
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear[2].
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force[3],
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not, as he fled;
All but the suffering heart was dead

[1] 1836. With motion fleet as winged Dove;—1815.

[2] 1836. . . . . Messenger,
An Angel-guest should he appear.—1815.

[3] 1836. Why comes he not? For westward fast
Along the plain of York he passed;
The Banner-staff was in his hand,
The Imagery concealed from sight,
And cross the expanse in open flight,
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds
The sorrow of the Villages;
From the triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force,—1815.
. . . . . .
Spread by triumphant cruelties—1827.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The sorrow through the villages,—1832.
. . . . . .

For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw [1],
With conscious sight, as he swept along—
It was the Banner in his hand!
He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find any where, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight?
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how? when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain [2]:
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,

[1] 1827. And punishment without remorse,
Unchecked he journies—under law
Of inward occupation strong;
And the first . . . . . —1815.

[2] 1836. Such conflict long did he maintain
Within himself, and found no rest;
Calm liberty he could not gain;
And yet the service was unblessed.—1815.

Exciting self-suspicion strong,
Swayed the brave man to his wrong[1].
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why,
But that Heaven's purpose might be known,
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour[2].

[1] 1820. Raised self-suspicion which was strong,
Swaying the brave Man to his wrong.—1815.

[2] 1836. . . . . Providence,
Its will intelligibly shewn,
Finds he the Banner in his hand,
Without a thought to such intent,
Or conscious effort of his own?
And no obstruction to prevent
His Father's wish and last command!
And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;
Remembering his own prophecy
Of utter desolation, made
To Emily in the Yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting to the power,
The might of that prophetic hour.—1815.

'No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine.'

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes[1]
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis, with the Banner claimed
As his own charge, had disappeared[2],
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,

[1] 1836. Pursued; and, on the second day,
He reached a summit whence his eyes—1815.

[2] 1836. How Francis had the Banner claimed,
And with that charge had disappeared;—1815.

That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
They hem him round—'Behold the proof,'
They cried, 'the Ensign in his hand[1]!
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
For why?—to save his Father's land;—
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!'

'I am no Traitor,' Francis said,
'Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware;—
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong[2],
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!'
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow[3]
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and so protected watched
The assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wound
A Spearman brought him to the ground.

[1] 1836. Behold the Ensign in his hand!'—1815.
[2] 1836. . . . . freight I bear;
It weakens me, my heart hath bled
Till it is weak—but you beware,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,—1815.
[3] 1820. . . . . with a Warrior's brow—1815.

The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey[1];
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good[2]!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;

[1] 1836. . . . . had snatched
A spear,—and with his eyes he watched
Their motions, turning round and round:—
His weaker hand the Banner held;
And straight, by savage zeal impelled,
Forth rushed a Pikeman, as if he,
Not without harsh indignity,
Would seize the same:—instinctively—
To smite the Offender—with his lance
Did Francis from the brake advance;
But, from behind, a treacherous wound
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground,
A mortal stroke:—oh, grief to tell!
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell:
There did he lie of breath forsaken;
The Banner from his grasp was taken,
And borne exultingly away;
And the body was left on the ground where it lay.

[2] 1845. But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged with searching overflow,
More deeply tinged the embroidered show
Of His whose side was pierced upon the Rood.—1836.

But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
– How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent [1],
Then, they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Church-yard of the Priory.

[1] 1836. Two days, as many nights, he slept
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;
For at that time distress and fear
Possessed the Country far and near;
The third day, One, who chanced to pass,
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.
A gentle Forester was he,
And of the Norton Tenantry;
And he had heard that by a train
Of Horsemen Francis had been slain.
Much was he troubled—for the Man
Hath recognised his pallid face;
And to the nearest Huts he ran,
And called the People to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
Such was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be, this sight she cannot bear!
Such thought the Forester expressed,
And all were swayed, and deemed it best,
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And join himself to their intent, —1815.

Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kindred for him in that ground:
So to the Church-yard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear[1].

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

[1] 1841. Bearing the Body on a bier
In decency and humble cheer;
And psalms are sung with holy sound.—1815.
And psalms they sung . . . . . .—1836.

CANTO VII.

'Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of.'

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale[1],
Sea, desert, what do these avail?
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years[2]!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown[3]
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,

[1] 1820. . . . . —deep sunless dale, —1815.
[2] 1820. Into a calm recess of years! —1815.
[3] 1836. The walks and pools neglect hath sown —1815.

Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being[1],
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone[2];
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,—
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
To o'ershadow by no native right

[1] 1836. There is a joyless human Being,—1815.

[2] 1836. Editions 1815–1832, after 'wood' have the line :—
There seated may this maid be seen.

That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright:
Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea like a ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof;
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn:
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past
And strength of Reason; held above
The infirmities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving leafless oak
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.

There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer[1],
A single One, in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye[2]
Upon the Lady Emily;
A Doe, most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her, and more near—
Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
So to her feet the Creature came[3],
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,

[1] 1836. For, of that band of rushing deer.—1815.
[2] 1836. . . . . its large full eye—1815.
. . . . . his . . . . . —1832.
[3] 1836. Drew softly near her—and more near,
Stopped once again; but, as no trace
Was found of anything to fear,
Even to her feet the creature came,—1815.

The very Doe of other years!—
The pleading look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care[1],
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting[2]!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace[3],
The saddest thought the Creature brings[4]?

That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew[5],

[1] 1836. . . . . heaven's choicest care!—1815.
[2] 1836. For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting.—1815.
[3] 1836. And take this gift of Heaven with grace?—1815.
[4] This line added in 1836.
[5] 1836. She from this sylvan haunt . . .—1815.

The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight[1].
She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again[2];
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave[3].—Unwooed, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?

[1] 1836. . . . . the Doe was there in sight.—1815.
[2] 1836. Did she behold—saw once again;—1815.
[3] 1836. So doth the sufferer deem it good
Even once again this neighbourhood
To leave. . . . . —1815.

For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed[1]
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.

Oh! surely 'twas a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nested pair, reposed!
Fair vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high
Floating through the azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,

[1] 1827. . . . . passionately writhed—1815.

While they, side by side, were straying,
And the Shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
And, ranging through the wasted groves[1],
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and undistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy[2]:
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—'God us ayde!'
That was the sound they seemed to speak;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grandsire's name;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same;
Words which she slighted at that day;
But now, when such sad change was wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought—
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,

[1] 1836. And, wandering through . . . . . —1815.
[2] 1845. Mild, delicious, melancholy: —1815.

While she sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, 'God us ayde;'
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide,
Her fate there measuring;—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart[1];
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
But here her Brother's words have failed;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful partner left;
This one Associate that disproves[2]
His words, remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot;

[1] 1836. Up doth she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence looks round her far and wide.
Her fate there measures,—all is stilled,—
The feeble hath subdued her heart;—1815.

[2] 1836. This single Creature that disproves—1815.

Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pound
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy[1]!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go;
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine[2]
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came; there oft she sate
Forlorn, but not disconsolate[3]:
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mute Companion as it lay

[1] 1836. So beautiful the spotless Thrall,
(A lovely Youngling white as foam,)
That it was brought to Rylstone-hall;
Her youngest Brother led it home,
The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
Brought home the prize—and with what joy!—1815.

[2] 1827. Nor did she fear . . .—1815.

[3] 1836. For that she came; there oft and long
She sate in meditation strong:—1815.

In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower[1]
Encouraged of celestial power;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Distress and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity!
From fair to fairer; day by day
A more divine and loftier way!
Even such this blessèd Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;

[1] 1836. A mortal Song we frame, . . .—1815.

There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied:
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came!
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this church-yard ground;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every Sabbath here is found;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way

Lies open on the Sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say—
'Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!'

THE FORCE OF PRAYER;

OR

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

Composed 1807. Published 1815.

[An appendage to the *White Doe*. My friend, Mr. Rogers, has also written on the subject. The story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*—a topographical writer of first-rate merit in all that concerns the past; but such was his aversion from the modern spirit, as shown in the spread of manufactories in those districts of which he treats, that his readers are left entirely ignorant both of the progress of these arts and their real bearing upon the comfort, virtues, and happiness of the inhabitants. While wandering on foot through the fertile valleys and over the moorlands of the Apennine that divides Yorkshire from Lancashire, I used to be delighted with observing the number of substantial cottages that had sprung up on every side, each having its little plot of fertile ground won from the surrounding waste. A bright and warm fire, if needed, was always to be found in these dwellings. The father was at his loom; the children looked healthy and happy. Is it not to be feared that the increase of mechanic power has done away with many of these blessings, and substituted many ills? Alas! if these evils grow, how are they to be checked, and where is the remedy to be found? Political economy will not supply it; that is certain; we must look to something deeper, purer, and higher.]

'What is good for a bootless bene?'
With these dark words begins my Tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When Prayer is of no avail?

'What is good for a bootless bene?'
The Falconer to the Lady said;
And she made answer 'ENDLESS SORROW!'
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
And from the look of the Falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe[1].

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side[2].

This striding-place is called The Strid,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

[1] Young Romelli to the Woods is gone,
And who doth in his steps attend?
He hath a greyhound in a leash,
A chosen, forest Friend.—MS. 1807.

[2] And they have reach'd that famous chasm,
Where he who dares may stride
Across the river Wharf, pent in
With rocks on either side.—MS. 1807.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force[1];
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow[2].

If for a lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death;—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a farther-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

[1] 1820. And strangled with . . .—1815.

[2] Now is there stillness in the vale
And long unspeaking sorrow,
Wharf has buried fonder hopes
Than e'er were drowned in Yarrow.—MS. 1807.

He was a tree that stood alone[1],
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, 'Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!'

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

[1] O, was he not a comely tree?—MS. 1807.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE,

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Composed 1807. Published 1807.

[This poem was composed at Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's Farmhouse, where we resided, to the Hall, which was building at that time.]

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—

'From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight

The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

'They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful north:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty[1].

'How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though lonely, a deserted Tower[2];

[1] 1807. . . . . their royalty.—1815.
1820 returns to text of 1807.

[2] 1845. Though she is but a lonely tower.
Silent, deserted of her best
Without an Inmate or a Guest.—1807.
. . . . . .
To vacancy and silence left
Of all her guardian sons bereft.
. . . . . .—1820.

Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom[1]:
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer
To see her Master and to cheer
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!

'Oh! it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.

[1] 1836. Knight, Squire, Yeoman, Page or Groom. —1807.

Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!

'Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
"My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!"

'Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,

And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

'A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Chief of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee[1],
Nor yet for higher sympathy[2].
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;

[1] 1845. . . . . for solemn glee.—1807.

[2] 1845. And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways;
And comforted his private days.—1807.
A spirit soothing company
That learned, &c. . . . . —1836.

And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight[1].
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where Faeries sing[2]
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be[3];
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might[4].
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
"Quell the Scot!" exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!

[1] 1836. They moved about in open sight,
To and fro, for his delight.—1807.

[2] 1836. And the Caves where Fairies sing—1807.

[3] 1836. Face of thing . . . . . —1807.

[4] 1841. And, if men report him right,
He can whisper words of might,—1807.
. . . . . .
He could whisper . . . . . —1827.
And if that men report him right,
He could whisper . . . . . —1836.

Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!'

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was framed:
How he, long forced in humble walks to go[1],
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore.

[1] 1845. Alas! the fervent Harper did not know
That for a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed,
Who long compelled in humble walks to go,—1807.

To this poem Wordsworth appended the following explanatory note:—

'Henry Lord Clifford, &c. &c., who is the subject of this Poem, was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton Field[1], which John Lord Clifford, as is known to the reader of English history, was the person who after the battle of Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who had fallen in the battle, 'in part of revenge' (say the Authors of the *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland*); 'for the Earl's father had slain his.' A deed which worthily blemished the author (saith Speed); but who, as he adds, 'dare promise anything temperate of himself in the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it was resolved not to leave any branch of the York line standing; for so one maketh this Lord to speak.' This, no doubt, I would observe by the bye, was an action sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the times, and yet not altogether so bad as represented; 'for the Earl was no child, as some writers would have him, but able to bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years of age, as is evident from this, (says the *Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke*, who was laudably anxious to wipe away, as far as could be, this stigma from the illustrious name to which she was born,) that he was the next child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his *Book of Nobility*, p. 622, where he writes of them all. It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander, two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-

[1] He was killed at Ferrybridge, the day before the battle of Towton.—ED.

four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, 'when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles.' Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that, in the course of his shepherd-life, he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that after the wars of York and Lancaster they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Mary Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, &c. &c. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the family of Tufton, three of these castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle, by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—'*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.*' The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.'

NOTES.

Dedication, line 1. The *trellised shed* was the small bower in the orchard of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived from 1800 to 1808.

l. 77. This extract is from the tragedy of *The Borderers*, written at Racedown in 1795-6, but not published in full till 1842. In the first (quarto) edition of *The White Doe* (1815), this extract was followed by the following lines, afterwards included in the series of *Miscellaneous Sonnets*—

'Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!'
Thus might he paint our lot of mortal days,
Who wants the glorious faculty, assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Canto I, l. 2. In 1815 Wordsworth wrote: 'It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the Choir, which

must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."'

l. 39. Wordsworth's note to this line in 1815 was, 'the nave of the church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral.'

l. 46. 'At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for £70. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber.'—W. W. in 1815. The site of this oak tree is uncertain. The old entrance to the Abbey was through part of the modern structure of Bolton Hall.

l. 111. Of Wharfdale at Bolton, Henry Crabb Robinson wrote in his *Diary*, September 1818, 'this valley has been very little adorned, and it needs no other accident to grace it than sunshine.'

l. 140. This description is not topographical. No 'warrior carved in stone' is now to be seen in the Bolton ruins, nor can Francis Norton's grave be discovered in the Abbey grounds.

l. 237. The Abbey would seem to have been founded in 1153, when the canons of the Augustinian Priory at Embsay, near Skipton, were removed to Wharfdale. Nearly four hundred years later, in 1542, the Priory passed into the possession of Henry Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland.

l. 242. Compare *The Boy of Egremond*, by Samuel Rogers.

l. 254. '"At the east end of the north aisle of Bolton Priory church is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate by the female line from the Mauliverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a name of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partizan of the House of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."'.—W. W. in 1815.

l. 280. The restoration of the 'Shepherd Lord' to the estates of his ancestors is commemorated in the *Song at the feast of Brougham Castle.*

l. 306. Barden Tower is by the banks of Wharf, fully two miles north-west of Bolton Priory, above the Strid. Whitaker gives the following account of Lord Clifford in his *History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven* :—

'He retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

'His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

'I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

'For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, &c. may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

'In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

'He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, and I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited when dead at a distance from the place which in his life-time he loved so well.

'By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton if he died in Yorkshire.

'With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.'—W. W., 1815.

At the time of the restoration of the Shepherd Lord, Barden Tower, in Wharfdale, was only a keeper's forest lodge.

Canto II, l. 25. The year 1569.

l. 31. Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, the two peers who joined in support of the Duke of Norfolk's marriage with Queen Mary, with a view to a restoration of Catholicism in England.

l. 64. Compare Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act i, Scene 1—

'That strain again; it had a dying fall.'

l. 179. Compare the old Ballad, *The Rising of the North*—

'But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee.'

l. 212. The site of Rylstone Hall is recognizable still, but itself is gone. In Whitaker's time flowers were still growing where the old 'pleasaunce' stood. It was not at Rylstone, but at Ripon, that the Nortons raised their banner in November 1569; but their tenantry at Rylstone rose with them at the same time.

Canto III, l. 2. 'Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.' —W. W., 1815.

l. 94. The tower of the Cathedral of Durham, of which St. Cuthbert is the patron saint.

l. 103. Now Raby Castle, a seat of the Duke of Cleveland, in Durham.

l. 124. 'From the old Ballad.'—W. W., 1827.

'At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.'

l. 131. The village of Clifford is three miles from Wetherby.

l. 203. 'From the old Ballad.'—W. W., 1827.

'Against soe many could not stay.'

l. 209. Naworth Castle in Cumberland, seat of the Dacre family from the time of Edward III. Lord William Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, made Warden of the Borders by Elizabeth,

married the heiress of the Dacre family, and succeeded to the estate of Naworth.

l. 222. In the Battle of the Standard, fought at Northallerton in the year 1137, under Archbishop Thurston of York.

l. 235. The following extract is quoted by Wordsworth from a book entitled *Durham Cathedral as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery*:—

'In the night before the battle of Durham was strucken and begun, the 17th day of October, *anno* 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a vision commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the City of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision, the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert; and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: and then the said Prior and monks, accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and holy St. Cuthbert for the victory atchieved that day.'

'This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

'"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass

each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stone-work was erected, and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made, (which is then described at great length,) and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, &c., &c., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose, that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and shewed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of holy St. Cuthbert. It brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."'

Wordsworth adds, 'It appears, from the old metrical history, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.'

Canto IV, l. 28. Compare in *The Evening Walk*—

> 'The song of mountain streams, unheard by day,
> Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.'

And in *The Excursion*—

> 'The little rills, and waters numberless,
> Inaudible by daylight.'

Also in Gray's *Tour in the Lakes*—'At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls, not audible in the daytime.'

l. 158. The Craven district of Yorkshire is a limestone formation, where there are many caverns and recesses in the hills.

l. 179. The Towers of Barnard Castle on the Tees.

Canto V, l. 6. 'It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker. "Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch-tower."'—W. W., 1815.

The remains of Norton Tower are not on the highest point of the Rylstone Fells, but on one of the western ridges. They are now only four bare roofless rectangular walls. It was originally both a watch-tower and a hunting-tower. Looking toward Malham to the north and north-west, the view is exactly as described in the poem.

Canto VII, l. 4. This extract was first prefixed to Canto VII, in the edition of 1836.

l. 23. '"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the Crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that the mansion-house was then in decay. "Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called undoubtedly from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Viverium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the

neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."'—W. W., 1815.

l. 147. Two small streams rise near Rylstone. One flows westwards to the Aire; another eastwards to Linton beck, entering Wharfe between Linton and Grassington bridges. It is to the latter that Wordsworth refers.

l. 161. '"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly Amerdale. Dern-brook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—Dr. Whitaker.'—W. W., 1815.

The valley now known as Littondale once bore the name of Amerdale. It is curious that, although the beck has lost its ancient name, it survives in a single pool in the stream, just where it joins the Wharfe, which is called 'Amerdale dub.'

l. 165. A small lateral valley which runs from that of Linton in a south-westerly direction at Arncliffe, making a 'deep fork' in the hills. Of the description of Dernbrook, the Ven. Archdeacon Boyd, the incumbent of Arncliffe, writes: 'The phrase is so appropriate, that it would almost seem that Wordsworth had been there.'

l. 216. On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher I. N. for John Norton, and the motto, 'God us ayde.'—W. W., 1815.

l. 257. 'Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall, stretching from the S.W. to the N. E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that would stand on such ground.

'"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, &c., were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable,

a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, an herd would follow."

'I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery—Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.' —W. W., 1815.

l. 270. Archdeacon Boyd writes of this, 'There never can have been a Lady Chapel in the usual place at Bolton, for the altar was close to the east window. I never heard of a St. Mary's shrine; but, most probably the church was dedicated to St. Mary, in which case the Lady Emily would be speaking of the building. In proof of this the priory was dedicated to St. Mary: and naturally the dedication, on the removal from Embsay to Bolton, would be renewed.' If the whole building was dedicated to St. Mary, there would, of course, be no Lady Chapel.

NOTES TO THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

l. 8. Samuel Rogers' poem on the same subject, referred to in the Fenwick note, begins :— .

> 'Say, what remainst when Hope is fled?'
> She answered, "Endless Weeping!"'

l. 40. Alluding to a ballad of Logan's.

l. 57. Lady Alice de Romilly built not only Bolton Priory, but also the nave of Carlisle Cathedral, and the chancel of Crosthwaite Parish Church, Keswick.